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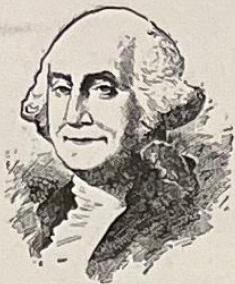
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By John Poole

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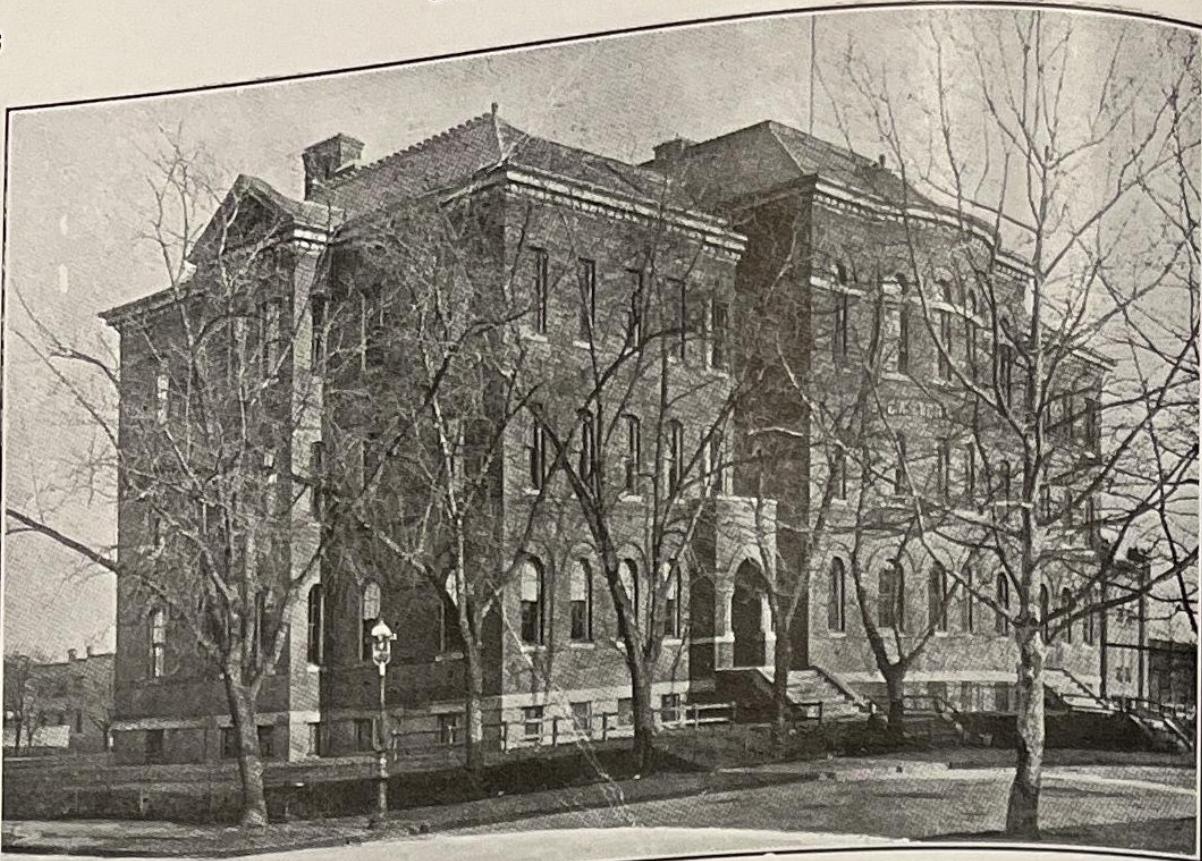
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MOTTO: DO WELL, DO BETTER, DO BEST

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## Editorials

### Cadets

**S**PORTS may come and sports may go, but the Cadets move on forever. With apologies to a great poet, this is the sentiment we take. We cannot see the time when the Cadets will cease to be.

What's the matter with some of you fellows? There is not one of you who would not fight in an instant if called "yellow;" yet you are afraid to take a chance on anything that lasts more than a few weeks. Through some of the fellows here, you have been given two "companies," and now you are "lying down" on them. One semester is left. It's not a long time. Send in your enlistment now and show people that you have something in you.

### One Semester Left

**N**OW for the final spurt. With only one semester more to go this year, it sounds easy. A lot can happen in one semester, however. Keep alive, and don't slump, if you can help it. Let everybody take a good big spurt and finish the year in good shape.

### Those Basket Ball Games

**T**O the spectator they are good ones, but to the players and to those who understand conditions, they are the worst yet. In the first place, basket ball games were never intended to be played on a dance floor so slippery that even experienced players have trouble in retaining a footing. The team here at school is green and full of fight as usual, but even the fight can be taken out of a team by playing on a floor as the one at the Arcade.

### Some More Athletic Dope

**W**E have not seen an Eastern team win a game on the field of sport since the basketball season last year. Following

that season we dropped four games in base ball, then four games in foot ball, and now we are losing with cheerful regularity in basket ball. We believe, with Mr. Blair, who told us a few pertinent things at the foot ball supper, that it's about time we stopped pulling this "Well, we gave them a good game, anyway," stuff, and win something. Every game lost injures the reputation of the school. Let's scalp somebody soon.

### Have You Ever Heard This Before?

**T**HAT little matter of common courtesy doesn't seem to amount to much at first thought, but it's getting to be a pretty serious thing around here. We had a mighty fine lecture in the Assembly Hall not long ago, and we acted like a bunch of backwoodsmen. Some of us dance in the drill hall occasionally, and the rest of us stand around and laugh and make comments. It looks very crude, to say the least.

### Disqualification

**M**UCH has been said and written about the disqualification of Morrison Barr from high school athletics. We will not attempt to discuss the question any further, because we think that too much has been said already. But to those who are in charge of high school athletics we will say this: If any of the rules of the schools are broken again, settle the matter at once, with the least possible publicity, and let the decision be final. By reason of his slip-up of last summer, Barr has received a great deal of notoriety which he has not altogether deserved, and high school athletics, particularly football and basket ball, have received a very serious blow, especially here at Eastern.



## "The Major's Dorking Rooster"



Major Booth was taking his morning nap. He was seated contentedly in the widest bay window he could find, where the soft spring sunbeams danced merrily over his bald head and a daring fly frequently skimmed the shining surface thereof. Emily had fixed his "gouty" foot most comfortable on a cushioned stool and the pain was less annoying than usual. On the whole, the Major was in a pleasant frame of mind and his dreams were happy. He had almost forgotten the Dorking rooster.

Emily stole softly through the room to draw the shades and to chase away the bothersome fly and lovingly pat the bandaged foot. She believed in her Uncle Harry's gout almost as devoutly as the Major himself.

"Perhaps," if he sleeps long enough, I can get that chocolate cake baked before dinner. If he wakes up and starts on that Dorking rooster again, I know I shall go crazy!" and the Major's pretty little niece sighed as she hurried away to the kitchen.

It was small wonder that Emily wished most fervently that her uncle should sleep. From morning until night, when he was awake, he did nothing but moan and bewail the loss of his beautiful Dorking rooster. You see, the rooster had come all the way from England when it was still a tiny peep and it had grown up in the Major's own barn yard where it had crowed and flapped itself into being monarch of all it surveyed. It was really a most remarkable bird!

The Major would not have sold it for love or money. Already it had won first the prize at three county fairs. And it had never crowed so joyously nor flapped its wings so proudly and never had the sun colored its feathers so beautifully as on the fateful morning when it disappeared. The Major knew there was something the matter when he got up. The coffee was too strong; his egg had boiled more than three and a half minutes and he had found two seeds in his grapefruit!

Every morning of his life he had taken an after-breakfast walk through the barn-yard and carefully inspected the horses, the special pets, "Dork," the beautiful rooster, and his nine blue geese. Three days ago, he had gone on his customary stroll. To be sure, it was rather late and the Dorking might have gotten hungry and gone off in search of some big, juicy worms. At any rate, it was gone when he went to look for it. And the Major? Well, he used some words that no decent dictionary would contain and called for Fleet, the hired man, so loudly that the nine geese jumped and flapped and quacked at a terrible rate. And Fleet was so long coming, because he was all the way down in the cowpasture, that the Major got red in the face and if his gout hadn't given him such a twist of pain, he would have used some more picturesque language. When Fleet finally arrived in the barn-yard he got so many questions "fired" at him as to the whereabouts of

the big Dorking rooster that he couldn't get his breath for nearly ten minutes after the Major had finished.

After every square inch of the Major's acres and acres of land had been thoroughly searched and the Dorking rooster was still missing, the Major made it so exceedingly uncomfortable for those around him that no one except Emily and old Dr. Ferguson ventured to come within ten feet of him. Therefore, it was small wonder that Emily was wishing most fervently he would sleep—at least long enough for her to try her luck at a new recipe for that chocolate cake for which the Major was so fond.

By some underhanded means another bothersome fly had gotten into the room and was practicing some new dance steps on the slippery surface of the Major's head when, purely by accident, it slipped down his nose. That woke the Major immediately. He had no sooner gotten rid of that awful fly when, through the open window, came the most exquisite music in all the world to the Major—the long, wavering crow of a Dorking rooster. He jumped up so quickly that he forced his full weight on his sore foot. And the Major was no slight man! But he was altogether too excited to stop to use those ugly words again. He simply stood and stared as though he was loathe to believe what his own eyes saw. On the wood-stump in Montgomery's back yard was a beautiful Dorking rooster crowing and flapping its lovely feathers for all the world like his own lost rooster.

"Emily!" he thundered.

Emily had just mixed the eggs and butter, but she dropped everything when the Major called like that, and ran into the sunny sitting-room. She followed with her eyes in the direction of the Major's finger that shook with anger.

"What—what—what do you think of that? There's your perfectly delightful Montgomeries for you! 'Nice' people, they are to steal a man's best Dorking rooster," sputtered the enraged Major.

Emily opened her sunny blue eyes wide. "Why, Uncle Harry, what on earth? Don't you suppose the Montgomeries can have a Dorking, too," she argued. Probably it should be inserted here that the Montgomeries were very good friends of Emily's and young Danny Montgomery had more than a fair chance to make himself more than a very good friend. But the idea of anyone within seven counties having a Dorking rooster equal to his did not produce a happy effect upon the Major. It wasn't very likely that a widow of Mrs. Montgomery's means could afford an expensive Dorking rooster that should crow, flap its wings, and have the sun make fascinating colors on it exactly like the Major's, and he said so, in good, plain English. Emily was shocked beyond words that the Major should harbor such a thought for the shortest possible time even, and said so in good, plain English, also. But, what cared the Major for Emily, or anything else in all the world except his precious Dorking rooster.

"And," went on the Major. "I am sure that I heard Mrs. Montgomery say distinctly that she expected Dr. Emesson for dinner tomorrow. It is only to save my Dorking from such a fate that I would bother myself with a woman so common as to steal her neighbor's rooster!"

"Oh, Uncle Harry! You never are going to ask her if it's ours! Oh that would be too terrible!" gasped Emily. That her uncle should even think their neighbor was a thief was terrible indeed, but to accuse her of it was infinitely worse! Merciful heavens! That would be an end to all her dream castles,

"I am going to take her over a piece of chocolate cake this evening and in the course of the conversation, I will find—"

Emily stopped. She couldn't very well have done anything else when the Major was looking like that.

"You will do nothing of the kind. You will stay away from Montgomeries until I give you my permission to go there. You will also write a note of regret to Mr. Montgomery canceling your engagement for next Saturday night. If you need an excuse, you may use my wishes," commanded the Major in hard, cutting tones. And, turning on his well foot he hobbled quickly away from the room. Angry tears blurred the sunny blue eyes and the small fists clenched unconsciously. "Well! I won't! So there!" she told herself determinedly. "He needn't think because he was a Major in the war that he can order me around. I guess my own father was a colonel and I've got plenty of fighting blood in me. But, it is so hard to keep Uncle Harry in a pleasant humor. Oh, I just can't stay home from the Leonard's dance. The new engineer, who is building the Curry bridge, will be there and everyone in Lacony says he is the catch of the season. Of course, I don't care about that, because I'll be with Danny, but it will be fun to watch the rest." And she hurried back to the chocolate cake.

The next day, at church, the Major's coolness was most pronounced. It had been the custom, when the feeling between the two families had been friendly, for the Major either to bring the widow and Dan home with him for Sunday dinner or for the Major and Emily to go to the widow's. But, instead of the usual congenial word of greeting, the Major was barely polite. He lifted his hat as courteously as he possibly could, considering the ill-will in his heart, and offering Emily his arm, started to walk



"Danny stood dumb-founded in the middle of the street"

away. But even a cross, hard-hearted old bachelor couldn't get ahead of Danny Montgomery.

"One minute, Major," he cried cheerily, "aren't you coming home to dinner today? It's your turn to come with us, you know."

Emily's heart stood still. Suppose the Major should say, "To eat my poor Dorking rooster?" She knew she would faint if he did. But the Major was a gentleman, even in his wrath, so he lifted his hat again and said, rather sourly, "No, I think not! I thank you," and passed on his way. Danny shot a mute, questioning glance at Emily but she could explain nothing there. Danny stood dumbfounded in the middle of the street. Never in all his days had he seen such queer carryings on. It troubled him and yet it amused him.

But it didn't amuse Emily as she sat stiff and silent in the Boothe carriage. It only made her so very angry that she had to swallow hard to keep down the tears of mortification. But she was still determined to keep her engagement with Danny. She thought the long, lonely Sunday would never end. The Major could not sleep in the sunny bay window where the soft, spring sunbeams danced merrily on his bald head because he could see that aggravating Dorking rooster and when he saw that it made

him so red in the face and made the pain in his foot so very annoying that he couldn't stay seated. And he never could sleep in any other window. The truth of the matter was, the Major was used to watching the bird-like figure of the little widow flutter around watering her plants and feeding her chickens. But, of course, he didn't know it.

Five days passed and the Major's rooster was still gone and the widow's, which had not received the sad fate, after all, still crowed joyously and proudly on the wood-stump in the widow's barn-yard. And the Major, because he couldn't sleep in his sunny bay window and couldn't sleep any place else was enough to worry anybody's nerves.



"He carried something in a sack of burlap"

Late Saturday afternoon, old Sam Hawkins, the colored man who chopped wood for almost every family in Lacony, appeared at the rear door of Booth's and asked for the Major. His eyes were almost white, he was so badly scared. He seemed to be uncommonly nervous and agitated about something which he carried in a sack of burlap. This something made queer little noises that sounded precisely as the Major's Dorking rooster would have made if it were shut up in a sack of burlap.

The Major glared at him, in the very worst way. "Well?" he grunted.

"Even, suh! Muh conshuns done tolle me suh, it says, suh, 'deed it did, suh, 'Now Sam'l Hawkins ain't you-all done shamed yo'self? You march that 'ere rooster right back to Major Booth.' An' I'se done it, suh. Deed I has. I was

a-fattenin' him fooh muh wife's birfday, but I fot it was to purty fooh to kill. Ah done hopes you-all 'll fohgive me, suh." Old Sam, being an exceedingly wise old colored man, laid the sack on the steps and, while the Major was rejoicing over his returned Dorking, took French leave.

"Well, I'll be *blowed!*" ejaculated the Major very much in earnest. "Well, I'll be *blowed!*" Ahem!" And he blew his nose vigorously. "Well, I'll be *blowed!*" "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" crowed the Dorking as it flapped its brilliant wings joyously. The Major put it under his arm and went off in search of Emily. But Emily had seen the whole performance from the pantry window and had taken such an excellent opportunity to carry Mrs. Montgomery a piece of chocolate cake.

"Oh, Danny!" she called across the low white fence lined with holly-hocks. Danny came running. He couldn't get there fast enough. Danny ate his share while Emily talked so he could tell her how delicious it was before he went in. When she finished "explaining," he threw back his head and laughed, as though it were a joke.

"Why, Em," he said, "Mother has been dying to show off her new Dorking rooster to your father and compare the two. Uncle James sent it from England, and Mother is proud as Lucifer "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" he crowed laughingly.

"If a Dorking rooster had given you as much misery as it has me, you'd hate even a joke with a rooster in it," pouted Emily.

That night, while the young people were at the Leonard dance, the Major went over to talk to the widow about Dorking roosters, but he got side-tracked and found himself, much to his consternation, of course, talking about a thing he knew nothing about. You see, the Major was getting old and gouty and when Emily was gone he'd be needing someone to chase away the bothersome flies while he slept in the sunny bay window where the sun-beams danced across his slippery head. The widow was the very one and—the Major knew it!

DOROTHY R. SHANER.

# MILITARY NOTES

## MORE CADETS NEEDED

February! Now is the time for which we have been waiting since school began. Now is the time to work for new enlistments. If Eastern expects to stand any chance at all for the victory next June, she must get down to hard work and fill up her two companies.

Eastern must have immediately at least thirty-five more men in the companies. Every member of Eastern High School should put all his energy into getting these men. Those who possibly can, should join and those who cannot, should use every effort to persuade their friends to do so. This is where the girls may get in some good work. The great influence which may be brought to bear by the girls on members of the opposite sex is at times appalling. Here is where such influence is greatly needed and any effort on the part of the feminine section of the student body will be highly appreciated by the cadet officers.

There is every reason imaginable for joining the cadets at this time of the year. The real work will soon start. Bayonet exercises relieve the monotony at present and shortly, extended order will be taken up. The drilling so far has been rather preliminary and has been regarded as such by the cadets as

well as the rest of the school. But now that the second half of the school year has begun, the companies must start the earnest work of preparation for the final competition.

Another reason for men with former cadet experience is that two, and probably three more corporals must soon be appointed. Corporals are appointed on their previous records and any experienced man has a chance of being an officer. If any man wishes to re-enlist in the cadets, let him signify his intention of so doing as soon as possible and his record will be looked up and his name placed in line for a corporalcy. And don't get the idea that such an office is to be despised. To be sure, it is only a step higher than a private but in some cases, particularly in extended order and battle formations, the corporal is of greater importance and has more responsibilities than a sergeant. The position is one to be desired even under its present importance, and it is hoped to make it a more responsible one this year. Here is the chance for the man with experience. Don't let that opportunity slip by.

And for the man who has had no experience, there are many choice positions in the ranks which he may win if he works hard enough. There will be two more squads added to Company G, with



six pivots to be filled and you might be one of the six lucky men. And then, too, if you expect to join the cadets at all don't wait until September. You are just ruining your chances. Promotion is based on record and record means service. If you don't now you are merely throwing away a possible fifteen points. Join now and win as many of those fifteen as possible. When the time to get a commission comes, you will wish you had—if you do you will thank us for this advice.

The above reasons are sufficient cause for most people, but if they are any to whom they do not appeal, to those persons we wish to address the following:

We do not say that the companies would like to have thirty-five more men or that it would be greatly appreciated if a few more would enlist. Eastern *must* have at least thirty-five more men. It is a positive necessity. We do not speculate on what will happen if the desired number is not forthcoming. There is no alternative. The ranks must be filled. Therefore they will be.

---

### The Brigade

A school is now being conducted at the Franklin for officers of the two regiments every Friday and Saturday night. Here the officers study tactics and work out military problems on a large map provided for this purpose. The would-be tacticians sometimes term their work "Scrap on the map." Those who have attended these lectures have found the work interesting as well as instructive. This training is preparatory to an inter-scholastic contest in this work to be held during the month of February. Groups of officers from each school will compete and each officer of the winning group will receive as a reward a ribbon made on the style of regulation campaign ribbons. This is a much sought for honor and the competition in these matches is expected to be keen. In these preliminaries Eastern has been matched with Central twice, losing

the first event but winning the second. There were but four of Eastern's officers present and were, on this account, placed at a disadvantage. We therefore take it upon ourselves to urge all of Eastern's officers to attend regularly and attentively and when the finals come off bring the ribbons home. We need them.

---

### Rifle Notes

The members of the club have been doing some very encouraging work this year. The older members and the best shots of last year are doing much better shooting than ever before, and the new members, whom we did not expect to do very well, are steadily climbing toward that coveted title "Proficient Shot." The most encouraging thing about this year's shooting is the consistency of the scores. That is, a man does not shoot a very high score one day and a very low one the next. The tally is either about the same as that of the preceding practice or a little better. This is as it should be, and indicates that with steady practice we may hope to turn out some good teams in the inter-high meets.

Mr. Schwartz has been informed by Mr. Kramer that the club will soon be provided with four more rifles, making six in all. This will make the organization more like a club, and therefore increase the interest of the members. More men can shoot at the same time and thus more practice will be insured. Instead of shooting only once a week as at present, each member will be able to shoot twice and maybe three times. As practice makes for perfection, it will readily be seen that a great improvement may be expected in the scores after the new rifles arrive.

On the trips to Winthrop, Md., spoken of in the last number of the EASTERNER, several members of our club won the Junior Marksman Outdoor Medal. Most of these had already received the medal for 1915 and so were ineligible to receive a second one.

## School News

On the evening of December 14 a dance was given in the drill hall by the Junior class. The dance was well attended, and considered one of the best dances given at the school this year. The moonlight dance was the big feature of the evening.

On Friday, January 14, a meeting was held of all those interested in debating. There were about fifteen present. Officers were elected, and a short but interesting program of debates is expected to be arranged in the near future. It is expected that no subjects involving deep research will be selected, but rather subjects of interest or pertaining to the school. Officers were elected as follows: President, Ward Hetfield; Secretary, Helen Smith; Chairman Program Committee, Milo Summers.

Miss Kempthorne, assistant field secretary of the Camp-Fire Girls and guardian for two years in Alaska, gave an address in the Assembly Hall Monday, January 10. She told many interesting stories about the Camp-Fire work in Alaska, and spoke of unusual ways of winning the seven different honors. She also exhibited a beautifully decorated ceremonial gown and several head bands.

## The Bluff Didn't Last

Miss Birtwell: "What you wrote was good enough, but you didn't write enough."

Boteler: "I could have written two more pages, only—"

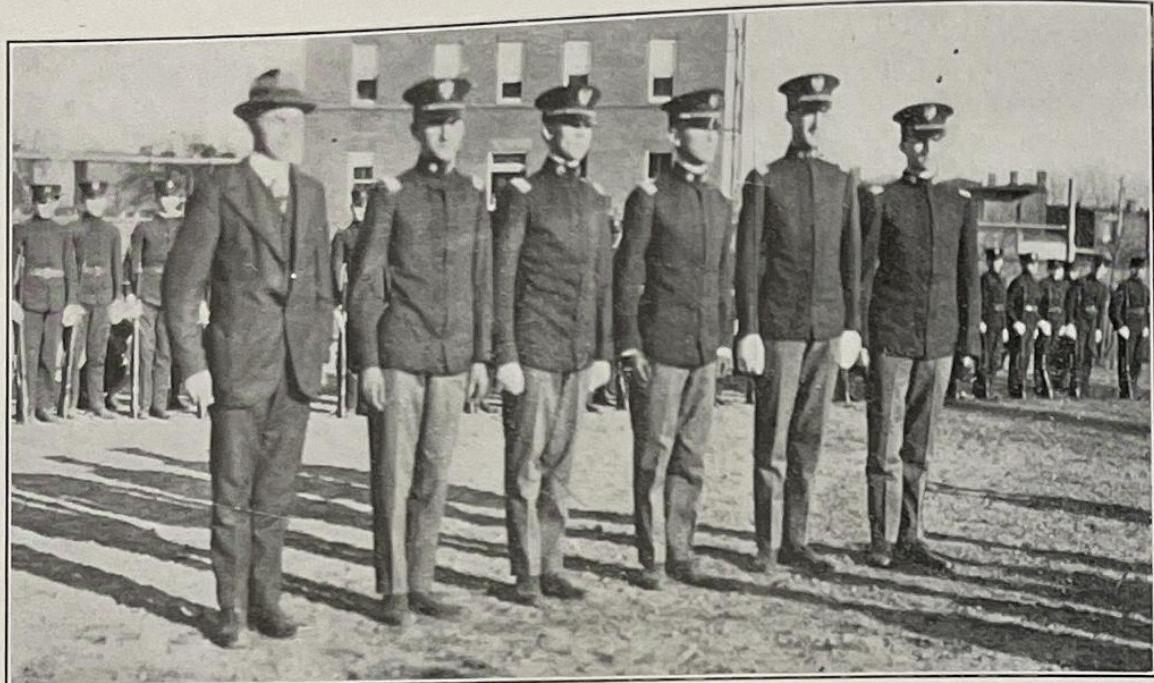
Miss B: "Only what?"

Boteler: "I didn't know any more."

Barkman: "Do you know who I am?"

Summers: "Sure. Nobody."

Barkman: "Horrors. I'm discovered."



Left to Right — Graves, Douglass, Barkman, Boteler, Handy, Gates

## School News

The Parent-Teacher Association held its second meeting at Eastern, the evening of December 10. The purpose of this meeting was to discuss the propriety of permitting fraternities and sororities in the High Schools of the city. A committee had previously been appointed to look into this matter and the chairman read to the association the result of the investigation. Then the question was generally discussed by the members. A vote was taken, resulting in a majority of 41 against the fraternities. A written report was made and sent to the Board of Education.

Mrs. Kempthorne, secretary of the Girl Scouts of America, talked to the school January 5, about the many interesting experiences she had while forming a branch of the Girl Scouts in Alaska. She also told us of the different honors a Girl Scout could win, and related interesting anecdotes of how some of the members of the various camps had worked to obtain such honors.

Through the efforts of Miss Van Doren, one of our drawing teachers, the school enjoyed the pleasure of having Mr. Clum, the well-known lecturer, with us January 5. He delivered a most entertaining lecture on the Panama-Pacific

Exposition in San Francisco, and also told of the natural beauties of the Yosemite Valley. He said he might visit us again sometime in the near future, and we hope he will do so.

The Cadets of Eastern held their annual dance on January 7, at the school, it being participated in this year, for the first time in years, by two companies, F and G, instead of one. The Drill Hall was decorated in the school colors of light blue and white, which made it look very attractive. It was a very successful dance and all enjoyed the evening very much. The dance was chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. Schwartz.

The Philologist Society started the New Year by entertaining at a dance January 1, at the school. A pleasant evening was enjoyed by all present.

January 5, we had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Taylor Jones, who had just returned from Serbia, after having spent three months there as superintendent of a baby hospital. She told us of the sufferings of the babies and children there on account of the lack of proper care and nourishment. She also described to us the deplorable condition of that country today on account of the war. In closing she told of how beautiful and



COMPANY G

prosperous looking our country is today as compared with the war stricken countries of Europe.

At a meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association on Friday evening, January 14, the following officers for the coming year were elected: President, Mr. H. A. Hesse; First Vice-President, Mr. A. H. Smith; Second Vice-President, Dr. Elman A. Cook; Third Vice-President, Miss M. C. Hawes; Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Hardy; Treasurer, Mr. U. T. Mengert; Corresponding Secretary, Dr. W. S. Small.

A talk was also given by Dr. C. A. Ryan, Secretary of the National Vocational Guidance Association, on the subject of Vocational Guidance. After the business meeting light refreshments were served.

### Sparks from the Camp-Fire

And the smoke rose slowly, slowly,  
Through the tranquil air of morning,  
First a single line of darkness,  
Then a denser, bluer vapor,  
Then a snow-white cloud unfolding,  
Like the tree-tops of the forest,  
Ever rising, rising, rising,  
Till it touched the top of heaven,  
Till it broke against the heaven,  
And rolled outward all around it.

—*Hiawatha.*

A party was given by Camp-Fire Desire, on December 28, at the home of Helen Powell. Among the many de-

lightful features of the evening the most enjoyable event was the shadow pantomime, in which the girls portrayed the presents they had received by making shadow pictures with their hands.

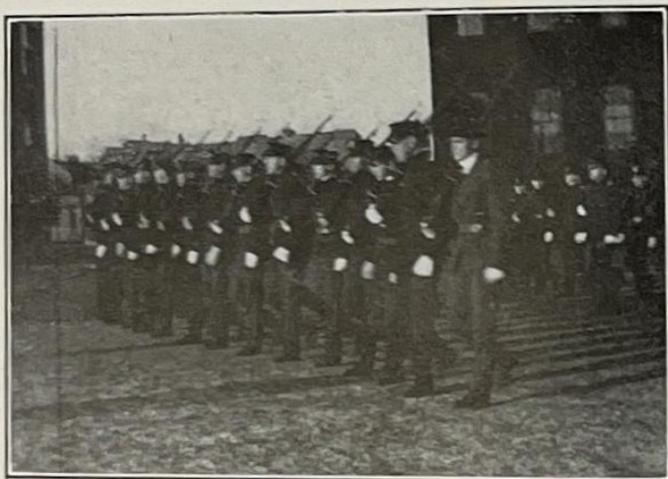
Camp-Fire Desire held a ceremonial meeting at the home of their guardian, Miss Merrill. Two of its members from college and one from Normal School were present.

Much to the sorrow of the Camp-Fire girls it is learned that the tepee at Chevy Chase has been taken down for the winter and stored away in safety against the rains and snows, until at the first sign of good weather in Spring it can be erected again.

Oceola Camp-Fire held the greatest ceremonial meeting in its existence, January 8, at the home of Minerva Du Shane. During the ceremony, accounts of their vacation were read and 149 honors were awarded. Carol Johnson received two national honors for camp songs, a Shuta honor for the song entitled "Memories of Camp," and a Keda honor for the song called "The Cooks." The rank of Wood-Gatherer was bestowed upon Marian Reynolds.

Pocahontas Camp-Fire held a candy sale in the lower corridor of the school, Friday, January 15, the object being to raise funds for the summer vacation of its members.

All the Camp-Fires are greatly interested in a grand fete to be held February 21. Plans are on hand to make this one of the biggest stunts that has ever been given.



COMPANY F IN ACTION

## Alumni Notes

### Camp for College Men in Georgia

Next summer a Military Instruction Camp for college and high school men is to be held at Fort Ogelthorpe, Ga. This is an excellent chance for some of the alumni of this school to acquire a little military training. In the past summers several students from Eastern have attended the camps at Burlington, Vt., and Plattsburg, N.Y. It is safe to say that they have never regretted the time and money spent there.

Next summer there will be two camps held. The one for "Business and Professional Men" will open on April 3, and will last as long as applications warrant. The one for students opens on July 5, and will probably last about five weeks. The army officers in charge are making a special appeal to high school seniors and alumni to support the camps. Why not spend five weeks in this way next summer, some of you alumni?

The Alumnia Reunion, which was held on the afternoon of December 23, was a success. After the Christmas play a great many of the pupils and alumni adjourned to the drill hall and took part in dancing before the business meeting.

The following graduates were elected officers for the year 1916: President,

Dr. M. P. Eslin, '07; Vice-President, Margaret King, '14; Secretary-Treasurer, Albert Fessenden, '09; Executive Committee: C. V. Church, '95; E. R. S. Embrey, '98; James Berry, '05; M. S. Farmer, '08; E. Diesrud, '11; Edith Martyn, '12; W. Gibson, '11; Ray Whitman, '12; Wallace Yater, '14; Catherine Buckingham, '13, and Fred Deck, '14.

After the business meeting refreshments were served and dancing was continued until six o'clock. Every one enjoyed himself, and those who did not attend missed a good time.

Elmer Schwab, of the class of 1915, is attending the Catholic University. William Turpin, a graduate of last year, is continuing his education at Fargo College, North Dakota.

Miss Bertha von Preissig, a former pupil of this school, was married in Denver, December 23, 1915, to Lieutenant Russell B. Patterson. Lieutenant and Mrs. Patterson are making their home at Fort Yellowstone, where Lieutenant Patterson was recently transferred from Washington.

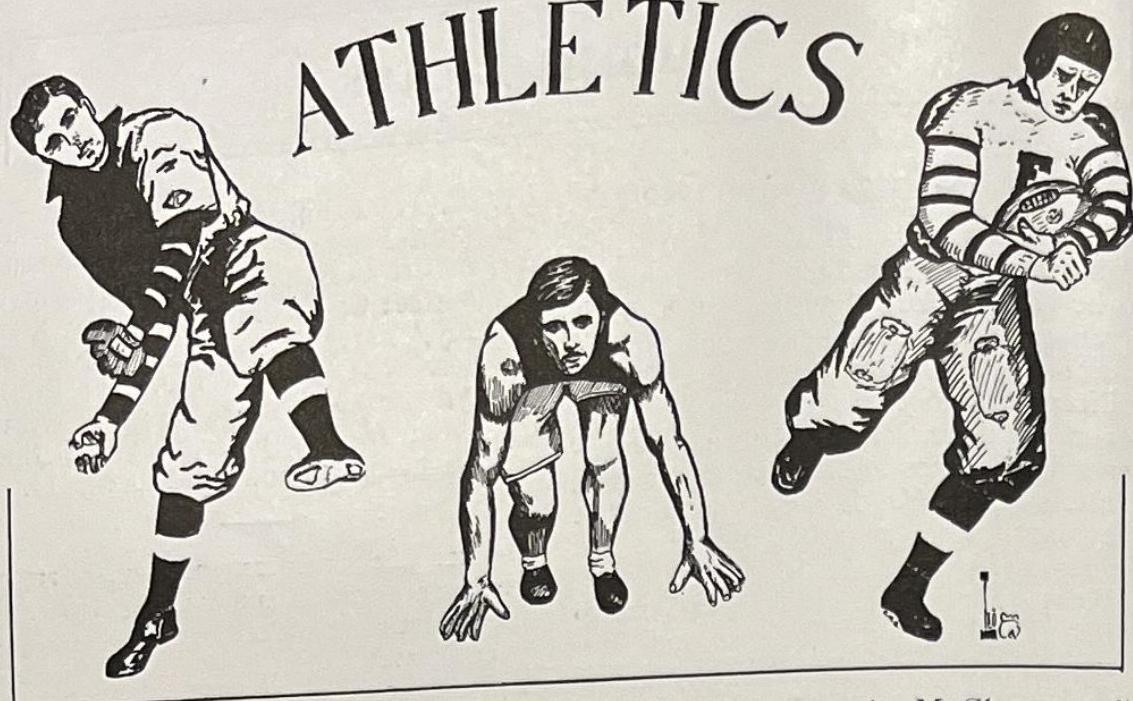


### The Offer of the College

To be at home in all lands and all ages; to count Nature a familiar acquaintance, and Art an intimate friend; to gain a standard of the appreciation of other men's work and the criticism of your own; to carry the keys of the world's library in your pocket, and feel its resources behind you in whatever task you undertake; to make hosts of

friends among the men of your own age who are to be leaders in all walks of life; to lose yourself in generous enthusiasm and co-operate with others for common ends; to learn manners from students who are gentlemen, and form character under professors who are Christians—this is the offer of the college for the best four years of your life.—*William De Witt Hyde*, President of Bowdoin College.

## ATHLETICS

**Basketball**

The basketball season is now in full swing. As yet, Eastern has won only one game, but the members of the team are not discouraged and are working all the harder in order to improve their team work. Practice games have been played with Gallaudet, Alexandria High School, Episcopal High School, and Manassas, while in the Interscholastic League the team has met St. Albans, Business, Central and Western. The team is gradually improving with each game and in February should be greatly strengthened by the addition of several players, namely, Blake, Tomlin and Thomas.

In the first game of the year, Gallaudet won easily by a score of something like 52 to 18. McGlasson, Barr, Boteler, McAuliffe, Swem, Baldwin, Cummings, and Saegart were the Eastern fellows who got in this game, and they showed plainly the lack of practice.

In the opening game of the Interscholastic League Eastern was defeated by St. Albans by a score of 42-10. The slippery condition of the floor caused the players to have an uncertain footing, and consequently the game progressed rather slowly. As this was the first time the members of our team had played on such a slippery floor they were quite

handicapped. Captain McGlasson did most of Eastern's scoring, securing 7 of the 10 points.

## The line-up:

Eastern	Position	St. Albans
McGlasson (Capt.)	L.F.....	Loker
Baldwin, Saegart	R.F.....	Stubbs
Steltz, Swem	C.....	Castle
Cummings	R.G.....	Hauser
Boteler	L.G.....	Carter

In our second game, with Business, Eastern was again defeated, this time by a score of 44-13. Our team played much better than it did in the first contest, McGlasson, Cummings, Barr, and Boteler producing a good passing game. Culligan was the STAR of the game, he alone getting 28 points for his team.

## The line-up:

Eastern	Pos.	Business
McGlasson	L.F.....	Culligan
Cummings, Baldwin	R.F.....	B. Wise
Swem	C.....	Wassman
Barr, McAuliffe	R.G.....	Tobes
Boteler, Cummings	L.G.....	Milloff

In the game with Central the team displayed the best form which it has shown. Although this was a victory for Central by a score of 22 to 13, it was not until after a close struggle that Central was able to register enough goals to win. Eastern played a good defensive game, guarding Central very close-

ly. Steltz showed the advantage, scoring 6 of Eastern's points.

The line-up was as follows:

McGlasson.....	R.F.....	Dezendorf
Baldwin.....	L.F.....	Marbury
Swem.....	C.....	White
Cummings.....	L.G.....	Cissel
Barr.....	R.G.....	Smith

Substitutions—English for Barr, Steltz for Swem, Boteler for Cummings, Cummings for Baldwin.

On January 18 Eastern dropped its fourth straight game to Western to the tune of 49-8. Western completely outclassed us, passing and shooting at will. Western's defense was also good, the Eastern team scoring but two baskets from the floor. Peine, Smith and Sargent starred for Western, while Steltz and Cummings looked good for Eastern.

The line-up:

Eastern	Position	Western
Steltz.....	Center.....	Peck
McGlasson.....	R.F.....	Smith
Baldwin.....	L.F.....	Peine

Cummings..... R.G..... Whelchell  
English..... L.G..... Sargent

Substitutions: Boteler for Cummings, Cummings for Baldwin, McAuliffe for Boteler, Chamberlain for Peck, Peck for Smith.

Our first win of the year came on January 19, when we handed Gonzaga a 22-17 beating. True, the game was only a practice one, but it broke the monotony of losing, and gave the team a little confidence. Baldwin scored six baskets from the floor. Capt. McGlasson, Cummings, Baldwin, Steltz, English, and Boteler were the players who got in the game for Eastern.

On January 21 the team went to Manassas, Virginia, and played the Eastern College team of that place. The score was 38-8 in favor of Manassas. The game was the roughest of the year, from Eastern's standpoint.

The line-up for Eastern was: Steltz, C.; McGlasson, R.F.; Baldwin, L.F.; Cummings, R.G.; English, Boteler, L.G.

## The Sweater Shop

TRADE

*Official*  
KNIT COAT

MARK

The  
Ideal

SWEATER COAT

FOR COLLEGE MEN AND WOMEN  
A Real 7.50 Value; SPECIALLY PRICED.



\$5

It's a Heavy Shaker Knit All-Wool Sweater, large shawl collar, woven-in pockets. White and all colors and college stripes. Other Sweaters at special prices, for men, women and children. All-wool sweaters for the little folks \$1.00 up.



Leather Auto Gloves, \$1, \$1.50 and \$2 up  
Complete line of Jerseys All Colors and College Stripes. Special Prices in Team Lots  
Laboratory Coats and Aprons  
MEN'S WEAR AND HATS

**JULIUS A. WEST, 800 7th St. N. W., Cor. H**  
NO BRANCH STORES

**WEATHER:**  
Prospects bright, but will probably grow cloudy  
after six weeks

VOLUME XIX

FEBRUARY

**The Scare Head**

All anonymous contributions thankfully received

**PERSONALS**

Barr says they won't disqualify him for studying, anyway.

No, we don't believe in Municipal Games on the 4th of July. They hurt our teams too much.

Well, the basket ball team won a game at last. We sure wish Gonzaga was in the League.

An Eastern alumnus was aboard the Ford Peace Ship when it sailed. We hope he's played a clean square game, and hasn't plugged anybody in the dark with a young cannon.

Newspaper Headline: "Detective Chief Resigns After Being Criticised." If they did that over here we wouldn't have any faculty.

Everytime we look at Sam Hardy's feet we think of that beautiful old hymn, "How firm a foundation."

At last they gave us a REAL substitute in English. Which reminds us of the following: Gates: "Boteler studies his English since the substitute showed up."

Barkman: "Dewey?"

Gates: "Yeh. He do."

Doc Williams says he wishes it would hurry up and get warm again. *Business is Business!*



"BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS"

**OVER 500 STUDENT****Many New Pupils Enter Eastern Witho**

Nobody was killed and only a very few were hurt in any way when over seventy new pupils entered Eastern last week. Owing to the crowded conditions in the class rooms and corridors it was feared that bombs might be placed in some inconspicuous places, but such did not prove to be the case. It was also feared that some sort of an uprising among the students might re-

sult from the crowded conditions and the Faculty Riot Corps, headed by Mr. Wallis and Miss Schwartz, stood ready to suppress any mutinous disorder. Such did not prove to be the case, however.

The only casualties reported were those caused by several reckless pupils being torpedoed by Matineeday exams. It is said that this torpedoing would probably not have

# ure Head

ARY, 1916

Scare Number Three

NUMBER 3



Jack o' Lantern

## TS SAVED!

### ut Serious Accident!

occurred had sufficient look-out been kept. In nearly all cases, however, there is hope that the sunken pupils will be raised to the surface.

The Chess and Checker Club organized in our last issue, but disbanded when the Feds asked for peace. President Summers states that there were too many casualties to have a successful team.

## NEW DANCING RULES OUT

**Approved by Committee of Students—Will be Used in Drill Hall**

A small volume entitled, "Dancing As She Are" and approved by a self-elected committee of students, has been printed and placed on the market. Lack of space prevents us from giving the contents of the book in detail, but the general rules for dancing in the drill hall are as follows:

1. Nothing but the most barbaric of music may be played.
2. "Ragging" is emphatically proper, and may be indulged in at any time, but preferably when moonlight dances are being enjoyed.
3. Chaperones may be allowed to attend if asked, but are not abso-

lutely necessary. If chaperones do attend, they may be expected to pay one-half the admission price. Couples are not expected to notice the chaperones in any way, if they do not desire to.

4. The dances may last until one o'clock on Friday nights, and two o'clock on Saturday nights, since Sunday School does not begin until 9:30 A. M.

5. When dancing is held at noon, the fifth period shall be omitted, and an informal dance shall be held. Good music shall be furnished by the Faculty and by those who do not dance.

It is to be hoped that all Eastern pupils will earnestly follow these rules, in order that no misunderstanding about dancing may occur.

### ANSWERS TO QUERIES

*Answered by Miss Information*

Dear Ed: How can I learn to play golf? Yours, Crockery D. Ome.

Ans.—Wait until spring comes, and then go out with the base ball team and shoot pool after practice.

Dear Queery Ed: I saw a pretty girl in Room 13 the other day, and haven't seen her since. What is the best thing to do in order to get another peep at her? Yours, Spaghet I. Mugg.

Ans.—Maybe the reason you haven't seen her is that she saw you first. Disguise yourself as the corridor and they'll all stick around you. Then you can pick her out.

### AFFAIRS OF THE HEART

*By Mrs. Dan Cupid*

Mrs. Cupid, having noticed a large number of love-lorn lads and lassies wandering about our halls of learning, has graciously offered to warn and advise them in their adversities of the heart. All letters should be addressed to her and put in the local box at the end of the first floor corridor. They must be signed or initialed and should be written on one side of the paper only. Here's your chance, girls! If you are contemplating an action that you fear may look too much like "leap year," consult our new heart specialist, Mrs. Dan Cupid. Her answers will be published in this department in the next issue of THE EASTERNER.

# A Transformed Trial

On not a few subjects had Gladys contemplated writing; they all treated, however, of common events. The Arnold Literary Society was offering a valuable prize for a story of any kind that might exceed others of the competition in excellence. This story must be written by a student of a preparatory school, and Gladys was trying to put forth her power as an authoress. Now she wanted to be original and write something besides facts; yet she realized her lack of material, and decided to create a story from her imagination. She could think of any number of relatable themes, but always their similarity to some other story was apparent. So far Gladys had made little progress in surmounting the seemingly prodigious task; moreover, she could not settle down upon anything definite.

Turning the pages of the encyclopaedia in abandon, Gladys stopped here and there to notice a word. Almost to the end of the book, and about to close it she noted a word which had a startling effect upon her. Where had she heard it before? What had it in common with another word she had in mind? Different reminiscences sprang up in her memory; she thought of books she had read, and of other recollective instances. How did her brother describe the mad sailor's yarns and how part of it had impressed Professor Meider of the University of Chicago, who happened to be there at the time. Hardly without knowing it Gladys had thought of a number of occurrences which if handled properly, would harmonize, and likewise develop into an impressive narrative.

An expedition was being formed by

the Agricultural Department of the University of Chicago, to study plant life in the Island of Java, and also to discover if possible an island in the Utopian Archipelago which was said to contain a peculiar tree. In a meeting held shortly after the arrival of Professor Meider from a trip he had taken to Boston, he related to his brother instructors a tale told to him by a broken down deck-hand who had been caught in a typhoon in the Indian Ocean. The vessel to which he belonged had been driven aimlessly about for days, and finally beached on an unchartered island. As



"One of the ship's boats went ashore"

suddenly as it arose the great storm died down, and it was found that the vessel had grounded in such a place that once it was there it was comparatively safe. Having passed through the typhoon with his ship secure, but with half of his crew missing, the captain found that he could get off the reef at the next spring tide.

One of the ship's boats went ashore to get water and provisions, if possible. The men who were in charge of the long boat had no trouble in securing what they needed and they also learned from

the natives of a menace that continually threatened their lives. It was said to be in the form of a tree having serpents for its branches, which would enfold any one who came near them. It also had power to poison the atmosphere to a great distance; so that any one who came near it was overcome, and the region in which it stood was bare except for the bones of its victims. Things being so, the faculty decided to inspect this singularity, though they did not credit the superstition of the natives.

As a preparatory measure, arrangements were made for the sailor who was the source of the information regarding the tree, to take part in the enterprize. After being under special care for two months, he appeared to be himself again, and was confident of his ability to show the scientists the way to the unmarked island. The scientists spent considerable time in other places before they were able to go in quest of the remarkable tree. As Theseus had found his way out of the labyrinth, so did the sailor lead the horticulturists to the unknown island by means of landmarks he had taken note of when he was leaving it. All disembarked in one of the fine harbors peculiar to the island, and made camp at no great distance from a few of the queer houses of the natives. The people of the island were found to use one of the Malayan dialects which was familiar to some of the party. The half-civilized inhabitants of the island were friendly enough, but when they learned the purpose of the party, they were unwilling to give them any information.

The sailor knew the exact location of the tree, and consequently, he volunteered to see if the tree really was as it had been pictured by the natives. Persons who had come near the vicinity of the tree were never seen again, and as the tree was close to a road in conjunction with a mountain pass which had to

be used to cross the mountains, its toll was fearful. The priest of the people had authority to feed the criminals to the tree, and keep innocent persons away from it. Owing to these conditions, no one had ever seen the tree. The sailor, although he volunteered, saw no reason to risk his life. Reaching the summit of the mountain nearest to the tree, having climbed it on the farther side from the supposed destroyer, he focused his powerful glass on it. Instead of a desolate country, he saw a beautiful valley covered by a forest over which the object of his venture towered. Moving around through the valley were the priests, some well near their temples; others well in the forest showing no fear of the dreaded tree, while a few kept watch on the road farther away.

From the description of the tree given by the sailor on his return, the scientists found it already to be known to science as the Upas tree, which has the same effect as poison-oak or ivy on one. This being a fact, the priest must have been practicing a heinous crime for an indefinite time. Not until the people of the island had seen from the mountain, did they believe their priest to be so atrocious. Any horrible death may be imagined as the end the priest met when a crazed mob swept down upon them.

Gladys had finished a synopsis of her story and was reading it over. Before she finished, however, she was crying. She saw that all her efforts were in vain; her story flavored of a cheap novel. It had meant so much to her, and now she simply could not stand it. Her sister wanted to know what was the matter. Gladys raised her head and pointed at the cause of her grief. No one had been apprized of Gladys' literary endeavor; so when her sister had read the story she was astounded. She threw her arms around Gladys, and said, "Stop, you silly; I don't see why you cry about such a nice story." Her other sister, her mother, father and brother were likewise surprised when they read it. Gladys was made happier by their esteem than any reward would have made her.

T. MARQUIS, 10A1.



*The Tripod*, Hartford, Conn.

We enjoyed the article in your last number "Smashamirror So—So on Football Sidelights," and are eagerly awaiting another one.

*The Gleam*, St. Paul, Minn.

We notice that you do not devote very much space to your Exchange Department. As this is an important part of a school paper; let us suggest that you enlarge it.

*The Comet*, Milwaukee, Wis.

Your Christmas number is clever. The book, throughout, shows careful work.

*The Thistle*, Toledo, Ohio.

The cover design of your December issue is very attractive. Your stories are good, but we liked especially, "Her Diary," as it is a most unusual type of story for a high school paper. We admire the way in which your Athletic Department is managed.

*The Canton High School Monthly*, Canton, Ohio.

The story "Takamuri, He Make Chrismas Shop—Shop," was both clever and interesting. Let us have a few more from "Takamuri."

*The Echo*, Nashville, Tenn.

Your paper is well gotten up but some good cuts for the several departments of the magazine would make it far more attractive.

*The Lawrence H. S. Bulletin*, Lawrence, Mass.

The stories in your December number are good, especially "The Least of These." We suggest that you criticise more of your "Exchanges."

*The Review*, Washington, D. C.

Why not devote a little more space to the criticism of your "Exchanges?" Then, too, more jokes and locals would greatly improve the paper.

*The Maroon and White*, Alexandria, Va.

Your cover is both neat and attractive, but why not make the contents of your paper more interesting by some good heading and cuts? The addition of a Joke Department also, would greatly help, for humor is a real necessity to a school paper.

*The Red and White*, Chicago, Ill.

All the departments of the paper are well handled. The "Screech" is certainly worthy of notice as its material is truly original.

*The Totem*, Seattle, Wash.

The cover of your Christmas number is very artistic. Your jokes were good in this issue.

*The Tattler*, Kincaid, Kansas.

We miss the "Exchange" column in your issue of December 24. You should certainly keep up this department as it does a great deal to keep a paper in touch with the papers of other schools.

*The Gold and Blue*, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Your Christmas issue is splendid. The prize stories are most interesting. Why not illustrate some of them?

We have also received the following exchanges:

*The University Hatchet*, Washington, D. C.

*The Pasco School News*, Dade City, Florida.

The *Optimist*, Bloomington, Indiana.  
The *English High School Record*,  
Boston, Mass.

The *Habit*, Salina, Kansas  
The *Outlook*, Pawhuska, Okla.  
The *Mirror*, West Hoboken, N. J.  
The *Wigwam*, North Yakima, Wash.  
The *Howard Times*, Howard, R. I.  
The *Spectator*, Johnstown, Pa.

Here we are as some of our exchanges  
see us:

"Easterner," Washington, D. C.

The magazine is good. The stories  
are strong, both in quality and number.

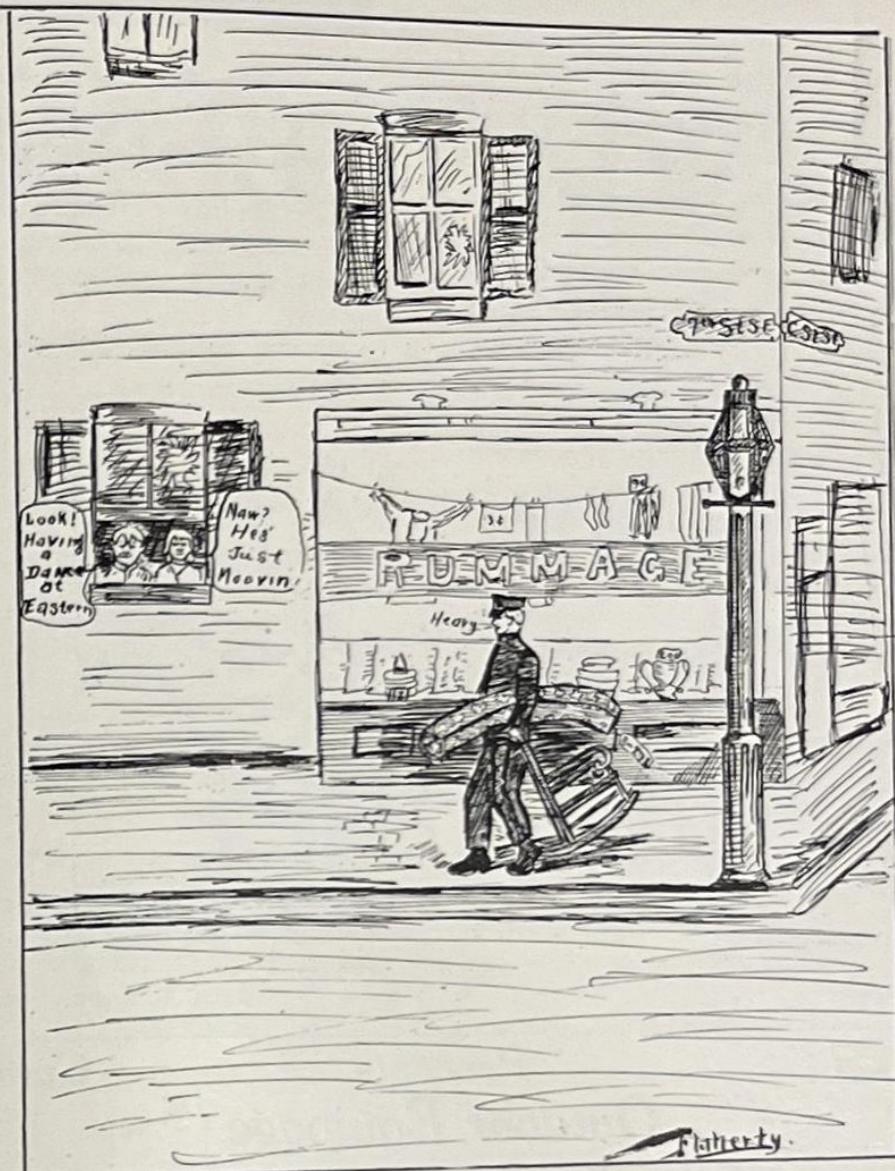
Throughout the paper, good school  
spirit is reflected.—*Spectator*, Johns-  
town, Pa.

"Easterner," Washington, D. C.

You have a splendid paper.—*Law-  
rence High School Bulletin*, Mass.

"Easterner," Washington, D. C.

A commendable paper throughout.  
The stories, in particular are good, but  
we suggest that the literary work all un-  
der one head would be a better arrange-  
ment. The other departments are all  
well handled, and help to make it a lively  
school publication.—*Gold and Blue*, Salt  
Lake City, Utah.



THE WAY IT SHOULD BE DONE

## Dramatics

The Dramatic Society made a very good start on Thursday, December 23, when it presented the annual Christmas play. This was a scene in the Mermaids Tavern representing Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and some of the former's company of players who rehearse a scene from Twelfth Night.

The selection was very well presented and greatly enjoyed by all who were present.

The first meeting of the New Year was held on Wednesday, January 12. We were particularly fortunate in having Mr. Arthur White address us on the subject of elocution and the best reading of Shakespeare. He illustrated his talk by quoting several passages from "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Romeo and Juliet." A short scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was presented, which Mr. White very kindly criticised for us. We appreciate Mr. White's talk and hope he can spare the time to visit us again and give us more advice in the near future.

The Program Committee expects to give one or two scenes at each bi-weekly meeting of the Society, and it is to be hoped that the members of the club will co-operate with them in making the meetings profitable and enjoyable.

Sentry—"Who goes there?"

His Reverence—"Chaplain."

Sentry (suspiciously) — "Chaplin nothing! Lemme see yer shoes!"—*Lehigh Burr.*



McGlasson, Captain of Basket Ball

### Night's Woodland Melody

The lingering ray of parting day  
Dissolves in the dark'ning west;  
The hungry herd stallward wends its  
way,  
To munch its ray—and rest.

A cheerful choir of chirping crickets  
Chirps their cadent call,  
That from the umber thickets  
Comes with soothing fall.

The thrilling woodland note  
Of merry whippoorwill,  
Upon the balmy breeze doth float,  
O'er mead and rippling rill.

Far from the town's incessant din  
With the night's quaint sound I bend.  
The vibrant voice of my violin,  
While stars and moon attend.

And then, within my heart's domain,  
Echoes the soothing strain,  
Alleviating all my pain  
With such a rare refrain.

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**HAVE YOU  
SENT IN YOUR  
ENLISTMENT**

**?**

## Heard Here and There

"Yes, the speaker kept the audience breathless for hours."

"What was it, anyway?"

"A temperance lecture."—*Yale Record.*

"How is it I haven't seen you at church lately?"

"I ain't been."

Sandy: "I suppose you've heard about 'em laying MacGregor off the docks after 30 years' sairvice?"

McTavish: "Tut, mon, yon's his ain fault. I told him when he takit the job 'twould no' be steady work."—*Life.*

"Bet I know where you got your necktie."

"Betcha five you don't."

"Around your neck, fish."

"How useless girls are today. I don't believe you know what needles are for."

"Of course I do, Grandma," protested the girl. "They are what make the graphophone play."

Mary—"Sam had his eyes open when they were praying in Assembly this morning."

Alice—"How do you know?"

Mary—"I—I heard him wink."

Toast.—"Here's to our parents and teachers. May they never meet."

Mary had a little lamb,

She fed him gasoline;

The lamb got too close to the heat,

And has not since benzine.

Gates (at Williams' drug store): "Give me ten cents worth of witch hazel."

Doc Williams: "Which hazel do you want?"

When you write your little joke,  
Make it funny.  
The editors won't surely croak,  
If its funny.  
So now just use a little brain,  
Write a joke if it has to rain—  
BUT—Make it funny.

"The other night I asked Grace if I could see her home. Have you any idea what she answered?"—Barkman.

We imagine she might have answered, "Certainly, I'll send you a picture of it."

### Might as Well



"And how are we fixed for the clam bake, Brick? Got all the cigars, cigarettes, wines, beers and ales ordered?"

"All ordered."

"And say."

"Well?"

"Better get a few clams."

## A Bad Lot

When charged with being drunk and disorderly and asked what he had to say for himself, the prisoner gazed pensively at the judge, smoothed down a remnant of grey, and said:

"Your honor, man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn. I'm not as debased as Swift, as profligate as Byron, as dissipated as Poe, as debauched as—"

"That will do!" thundered the magistrate. "Ten days! And, officer, take a list of those names and run 'em in. They are as bad a lot as he is!"

Willie—"Mamma, what's that stuck in papa's throat?"

Mother—"That's papa's Adam's apple."

Willie—"And did he swallow it green?"

Mother—"Don't be grotesque, dear. Papa wears a brass collar button."—Ex.



She—"Do you know you're getting handsome?"

He—"Yes, it's a way I have when it gets anywhere near your birthday."

"Yes, I told father that white poker chip I dropped was a peppermint tablet."

"Did he swallow it?"

"Do cigarettes hurt a boy's brains?"

"Oh, no! Boys with brains don't smoke them."

He—"If I tried to kiss you would you call for help?"

She—"Would you need it?"



## Lem Sez:

"The basket ball team will win the championship just like we won the drill last year."

Clarence went out one evening,  
To call upon a Miss;  
And when he reached her residence,

this.

like  
stairs  
the  
mounts  
He

Her father met him at the door;  
He did not see the Miss,  
Nor will be go there any more,

For  
he  
came  
down  
like  
this.  
—*Thistle.*

He—"Please don't call me Mr. Cohen."

She (coyly)—"But our acquaintance has been so short. Why shouldn't I?"

He—"Because my name is McClosky."

English—"That's a pretty black eye of yours. How'd you get it?"

Boteler—"Oh, I was taking a walk and was struck by the beauty of the night."

English—"What did you try to do—flirt with her?"

Be sociable, like the barber; he is always scraping acquaintances.

"Can you support a family?"  
The cautious father cried.

"I only wanted Emily,"  
The suitor then replied.

Judge (sternly)—"To what do you attribute your downfall?"

Culprit—"The first drink I ever took was one you bought me when you were trying to get my vote."

## Exchange Jokes

### Fond Memories

"Why did you get up and give that lady your seat?"

"Well, man, ever since I was a boy it scares me to see a woman with a strap in her hand."—*Lehigh Burr.*

"Corking building, isn't it?"

"Yep; bottling works."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

'19—"That rig looks as if it had been through the war."

'18—"Maybe it has. I heard Pat Labbie bragging about his military carriage the other day."—*Jack'O.*

Fill—"They say that Henry Ford's peace party get along together like turtle doves."

Bert—"Yah, snappin'-turtle doves."—*Ex.*

"Do you believe in armament?"

"Sure, I even part my hair with military brushes."

"Saw a funny thing last night."

"Stab me."

"Called on the gang at the house but they were all out, and about 1 A. M. I met them on the street and they were all in."—*Jack'O.*

Luke—"If the French soldiers wore Paris garters they would never be shot."

Luther—"Advance, friend."

Luke—"No metal can touch the skin."  
(Give the calf more rope.) *Ex.*

Jigs—"Say, gink, why is Daniels like Pontius Pilate?"

Jags—"Search me, kid. Shoot it."

Jigs—"Pilate crucified the Jews, while Josephus jucified the crews.—*Ex.*

A sailor has no E Z time  
 When on the D P he sails;  
 It's R D finds aloft to climb,  
 Exposed to I C Gales;  
 And then, in K C makes a slip,  
 Or if he D Z grows,  
 A tumble from the I N ship  
 Is his last N D knows.  
 When overboard, for A D cries,  
 With energy and vim;  
 And though of little U C tries  
 A vain S A to swim.  
 But when no L P finds is near,  
 Nor N E way to save,  
 He then, in an X S of fear,  
 Must C K watery grave.  
 Old A J sailor seldom knows,  
 But if old A G gains,  
 H U of baccy cures his woes,  
 And grog L A's his pains.  
 We N V no poor sailor's life—  
 In D D has no fun;  
 And, feeling P T for his wife,  
 Our M T talk is done.

—Thistle.

Mrs. Newlywed—Give me two pounds  
 of coffee in the bean, please.”  
 The Grocer—“Two floors up, madam;  
 this is the ground floor.”

“Ah!” exclaimed the enraptured  
 young thing, “the climax of his wooing  
 was so romantic. He proposed to her on  
 the verge of a mountain top.”

“What did she do?” gasped the other.  
 “Threw him over!”

Sampson—“Say, how did you get that  
 watch back so quickly? The fellow that  
 stole that must have been awfully  
 dumb.”

Oswald—“He was. The poor idiot  
 took it to a pawnshop, where they rec-  
 ognized it as mine at once.”

A woodpecker sat on a Freshie's head,  
 And settled down to drill.  
 He bored away for half a day,  
 And finally broke his bill.

Their meeting—it was sudden,  
 Their meeting it was sad,  
 She sacrificed her own sweet life  
 'Twas the only one she had.  
 She lies beneath the daisies  
 On a sunny hillside now,  
 For there's always something doing  
 When a freight train meets a cow.

Love is like an onion,  
 You taste it with delight,  
 And when it's gone you wonder  
 Whatever made you “bite.”

He—“Would you scream if I were  
 to kiss you?”  
 She—“Why, I've such a cold I can  
 hardly whisper.”

Chaperone—“Was that young man  
 who just called, an auctioneer?”  
 Alice—“Not that I know of. Why?”  
 Chaperone—“He sounded like one  
 He put up that going bluff for half an  
 hour.”

Indigestion is the failure to make a  
 square meal fit a round stomach.

Her Father—“Young man, the lights  
 in this house are put out at 10 o'clock.  
 Intrepid Junior—“Very well, sir, don't  
 delay on my account.”

Girl at Arcade—“Sir, you gave me a  
 queer look a minute ago.”

Hardy—“I don't remember giving it  
 to you, but you've sure got it.”

Sam—“Julie, if you could look at my  
 heart, you would see your name written  
 there.”

Julie—“Yes, but I'm afraid it would  
 look like a hotel register.”

“What is a regular man of mettle?”  
 He is a man with a silver tongue, iron  
 nerve, grip of steel, and a heart of gold.

**Hock the Kaiser!**

"War's a gamble."  
 "Think so?"  
 "Huh, huh; shell game."—*Panther.*

He—"I want to tell you a joke about mistletoe."

She—"Be sure it isn't over my head."  
 —*Widow.*

"Who educated Jonah?"  
 "Proceed, fellow!"  
 "The whale who brought him up."—*Lampoon.*

The Humorist (composing)—"And the squirrel couldn't crack the nut—what should he do? Throw it away?"  
 "Gnaw!"—*Tiger.*

**Heard in the Drill Hall at Noon**

Witty onlooker (to McElhannon, who is dancing): "Two feet, there."  
 Mike's partner (we forget her name): "Yes, and both on one of mine, too."

Miss Stone—"Miss Boyd wants to know if anyone in this class has, "A Pair of Blue Eyes."

"Wow! wow! wow! wow!" wailed the baby.

"Four bawls and I walk," responded the ball-player daddy, in distress.

English—"You look blue and discouraged this morning, old man."

Summers—"I'm not myself this morning."

English—"Well, that's nothing to feel so bad about."

First Student—"Things must move slowly in Hades."

Second Student—"How do you make that out?"

First Student—"Because there even the River Styx."

**Jokes**

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed impatiently, "We'll be sure to miss the first act. We've been waiting a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he replied tartly.

"Ours!" she cried, joyfully. "Oh, George, do you really mean it?"

**She Always Has It**

Little Lemuel: "Say, Paw, are all the words in the dictionary?"

Paw: "No, I guess not, son. Every little while a new word comes into use."

Little Lemuel: "Then what was the very last word, Paw?"

Paw: "I don't know, son. Go and ask your mother."

"Hello! Is this the telephone company? I'd like to have a telephone installed in my house."

"Very well, madame, "Would you like a party line?"

"No, I think not. We don't expect to entertain very much this winter."

"What's worrying you?"

"Father says he's to cut my allowance down to a point where people won't say that I have more money than brains."

"Gee, you'll starve to death if he does that."

Mother was upstairs sewing. Daughter was in the parlor at the piano.

"Now what are you playing?"

"Oh, just the latest dance music."

"You come up here and help me and you can learn the steps on the way up."

Miss Saks tripped lightly up to the music department and in her sweetest tones said to the clerk, "Have you Kissed Me in the Moonlight?" The clerk looked around then at her, and said, "It must have been the other clerk. I've only been here a week."

Teacher, sadly—"And where is the spirit of '76-now?"

Student—"All drunk up."

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## FAMOUS EXPRESSIONS

- Walsh: "Come on up to the drug store."  
 Tony McAuliffe: "Who's treatin'?"  
 Mengert: "One, two, three, four." (Very shrill.)  
 Dessez: "Oh, pardon me."  
 Lanahan: (This part cut out by censors.)  
 Eda Wilson: "Maple-nut sundae, chocolate syrup."  
 Cecelia Jump: "I see him Cummin(gs) now."  
 Dorothy Shaner: "Lemme yer comb."  
 English: "Now, people, it's like this."  
 Helen Whitman: "Oh, I never heard of such a thing."  
 Jack McAuliffe: "No, I haven't done my shorthand, yet."

## THINGS TO WORRY ABOUT

- The Editor—Lack of good material.  
 The Captains—The size of the companies.  
 The basket ball team—The basket ball team.  
 Maier—Nothing.  
 Barkman—His hair comb.  
 Boteler—His wagon.  
 D. Gates—See Boteler.  
 Mr. Kimble—See the basket ball team.  
 Freshmen—Size of the Sophomores.  
 Sophomores—Size of the Freshmen.

**Track**

Track work has not yet started, but the candidates will soon be called out. Coach Kimble expects the following to do good work this year: Cummings, Sweeney, Gates, Smoot, Boteler, Eichner and McGuigan. Eichner was the champion sprinter of the public schools last year and should show excellent form in the dashes. It is expected that the team will take part in the indoor meets to be held this winter.

**Hail, 1920!**

**W**E greet with pleasure and anticipation those pupils who make up the class of 1920. The class which has just joined us is perhaps the largest we have ever had at the middle of year. We are glad to see this, although we are a trifle crowded, and we wish the class as a whole the best of luck. Wake things up, Class of '20!

**Part 1—**

Last night I held her hand in mine,  
Her hand so slender and divine  
Endowed with all the graces.

**Part 2—**

But now another hand I hold,  
A handful worth its weight in gold  
Just think of it—four aces.

"How much time did you spend on this lesson?"

"About half an hour railroad time."  
"What do you mean railroad time?"  
"Oh, including all stops and delays."

"Oh! Yo' ain't de only seed in de sun-flowah."

Dah's lots ob uddah gals dat called me sugah,

Befor Ah eben heahd ob yo!"

"Go long, yo' lazy thing. If dey called yo' sugah,  
Dey sholy must hab meant *loaf sugar!*"

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